New York Tribune

First to Last—the Truth: News—Editorials—Advertisements

Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulations

MONDAY, AUGUST 4, 1919

Owned and published daily by New York Tribune Inc., a New York Corporation. Ogden Reid, President; G. Vernor Rogers, Vice-President; Helen Rogers Reid, Secretary; F. A. Suter, Treasurer. Address, Tribune Building, 154 Nassau Street, New York. Telephone, Beekman 3000.

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Entered at the Postoffice at New York as Second Class Mail Matter

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Is Living Dear?

Having officially served the ultimatum of the Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen upon the United States government, Mr. Lee, president of that powerful organization, went on talking. "I want to see some plan devised," he said, "that will permit somebody to say that beef, pork and commodities of that kind cannot go above a certain per cent."

Per cent of what?

And does Mr. Lee know that the same authority would need also the power to fix food rations—to say how much beef, pork, etc., even a railway trainman should have to eat? What would the brotherhood think of that?

What Mr. Lee really wants, of course, is more for the trainmen. He will take it in the form of higher wages or in terms of lower prices—one or the other—only so it is more. When he goes from there and begins to talk economics his ideas become vague and shapeless.

But it is scarcely noticed. Most ideas on the high cost of living are vague and shapeless.

The principal cause of high prices is notorious. It is inflation. For two and one-half years Europe at war bought recklessly in this country, spending both gold and credit; there was an ecstasy of high wages and great profits, and prices advanced to the highest level ever known.

Then this country entered the war. Production had to be enormously stimulated both in old and new lines. The easiest and quickest way to stimulate it was to offer money rewards. From what was already a fantastic level prices rose again in an original manner under the government's great impatience to bend industry and labor to war's purpose.

All prices rose—the price of labor, the price of manufactured products, the price of wheat and the price of peace with the Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen. How to get the money to pay the prices was the problem of least difficulty. The government printed it. That was inflation.

Now the war is over. We have still the high prices, the inflated currency and the wantingness of the trainmen; and nobody knows what to do with them, because nobody wishes to suggest a liquidation of anything.

You cannot liquidate everything else and not wages, and apparently you cannot liquidate wages at all; so there is an *impasse*.

It is easier to rail vehemently at an impersonal class called profiteers and to suggest that somebody be invested with the power to say that the necessaries of life shall not sell "above a certain per cent" than to face the truth, which is that you cannot reduce prices without general and painful deflation.

Meanwhile the one basic question is so much taken for granted that nobody stops to ask whether, in fact, the cost of living actually is higher now than it was. Prices do not tell. Prices may be very much higher and yet the cost of living may be no higher. If, for instance, wages in the average rise as fast as prices, nobody is worse off except those forgotten ones who live by investments.

The suggestion that the cost of living actually may not be higher will be received with utter incredulity. Yet it would be difficult to prove that people are consuming less. They are certainly not working more. The hours of labor have been tending to fall.

If, with the same amount of labor, people have as much to eat and wear and waste as they had before, and of the same quality, then the cost of living has not risen.

We do not say such is the case. We say only that it is as arguable, that proof to the contrary is wanting, and that there is much nonsense current.

When people begin to write letters to the newspapers, as they have been writing to The Tribune, denouncing Ford as a profiteer, though any skilled mechanic can afford to own a Ford automobile, it is no longer a simple matter to define a "standard of living" or to say where the luxuries end and necessaries begin.

Stamp It Out

In an article in *Collier's* which tells of some of the victories won in the war on disease, Mark Sullivan refers to the fact revealed by the physical examinations conducted by the draft boards that New York showed a smaller percentage of men infected with venereal disease than any other city in the country—only half as much as was disclosed in St. Louis, for example. In comment Mr. Sullivan remarks: "The reason is that New York for several years, during the Mitchel administration, had made as efficient an effort as was possible in a local way and under conditions then existing to get rid of the source of this sort of infection. Immorality was perhaps as rife in one city as in the other, but different methods had been employed to combat its effects."

The Tribune mentions this statement for two reasons. First, because of the answer it gives as to whether it pays for such a courageous group of municipal administrators as Mayor Mitchel headed to fight to benefit a not always appreciative public which would be let alone in bad ways. It pays, and richly pays. It was possible to deny Mayor Mitchel a reëlection, but his is the glory of having contributed to saving the lives of thousands and of lessening the distillation of a poison that corrupts the innocent of the future. The work was discouraging—even some women fought it as a discrimination against their sex—but it was stubbornly carried on.

The other deduction worth making is the vindication that has come to the frank and scientific method of treating a problem too much sentimentally considered and hypocritically screened. A great pest which annually slaughters more than fell in any year of the war can be stamped out. It can be made as dead as smallpox or yellow fever. The problem of prostitution may not be solved thereby, but one complicating factor will be eliminated. All that is necessary is to unbridle science—for those who rate themselves as good to cease from interference.

Congress has appropriated $4,000,000 to carry on the work. It is planned to have a clinic in every city of eight thousand inhabitants. It will be the most profitable expenditure this country ever made. "To state it quite simply," says Mr. Sullivan, "this is the most useful thing now being done in the world"—a statement that scarcely exaggerates.

"Moby Dick" and the Years to Come

The fate of Herman Melville, whose sea tales are being fanned into a new fame on the strength of a centenary—he was born in New York City, in 1819—brings up the whole question of classics. The four really good volumes from Melville's pen, "Typee," "Omoo," "White Jacket" and "Moby Dick," won a real popular success as they appeared. Then they gradually declined in their appeal and were more or less under eclipse until the last decades, when the literary judgment of experts has sought to restore them to favor. They have been reprinted in cheap and popular editions. The name of Melville has reappeared in essays and book lists. It has been the fashion to praise him. Undoubtedly he has been read by many who otherwise would have missed him.

Are the Melville books classics? And are classics books which nobody reads? There are a few cheering facts for any one who would answer the cynics. It was many, many years before Shakespeare was appreciated at what we now regard as his true worth. A Dryden imitation of "Antony and Cleopatra," for example, was long preferred above the Shakespearian version, surely one of the great plays of all time. So, provided we are sufficiently modest in our notion of what the guesses amount to, we can guess to our heart's content what volumes are classics and what are not. Melville may be a classic, and he may not. His prompt glory, his fading and his somewhat artificial return prove nothing one way or another.

What does prove something, we submit, is a lesser glory that is unquestionably Melville's. The wider public has been fickle in its taste for the Melville shelf. The true sea lovers have never lost him. "Moby Dick" has been read all these years by that thin but unending line of boys and men to whom the sea is home and heaven and the one great adventure, whether seen and known or only dreamed of and imagined. The point is that however long-winded and confused Melville becomes (the strange, turgid disease of his later books was always close upon his mind) he never fails in his sure, authentic sense of the sea. The facts are there as in few other writers. More, the whole vast sea mystery, not something distant and ideal, but of daily living and dying, warm in the veins and mind of her worshippers, is in his writings. In his own odd fashion he put down for all time the essence of the offshore ocean.

That is a real achievement which artists of greater technique have not paralleled. It is an achievement which, we guess, promises Melville the security of fame for long to come. Does that make him a classic? We hazard the additional suggestion that it does. Who invented the original notion, we wonder, that a classic must be widely read? Very likely it was the man who thought of the epigram deriding classics. We lean strongly to the view that it is a drop of immortal truth, of observation and insight and declaration, that makes a classic; and that so long as in each generation there is a saving remnant to read and worship and preserve, no amount of popular disregard can kill. A classic, in short, is to be determined by its vitality, its steady spark of life, not by any bonfire of popular acclaim. Bonfires blaze up and die down. The sure firing of a few stalwart imaginations from generation to generation is a larger task and, counting by the ages, writes a wider mark upon the sky.

Sheep Souls

Long before the war German intellectuals often discussed the general antipathy shown to individual Germans travelling or residing abroad. The explanation most frequently offered was that this dislike was a curse contingent upon greatness; that its roots were the envy and fear generated by stupendous rise. This theory, naturally, reached the climax during the war, when propagandists pointed to the universal hatred of things German as the strongest proof of German superiority.

Not even the catastrophe of last November could banish this delusion altogether. The theory is still held, although mainly in a retrospective sense, as an explanation of the world alliance against the Fatherland. But once in a while there rises a critic with sufficient courage to discern and avow the moral weakness which, as an inevitable defect of the quality of German power, contributed so much to its débâcle.

Thus, in a pamphlet recently issued in Switzerland, Dr. Walther Neter expresses the conviction that the principal reason for Germans being generally disliked is not their greatness but their lack of greatness, their "ego-less sheep soul." This "sheep soul" is responsible for the fact, he says, that "in Germany all individuality is being flattened out by the steam roller of regulation and mediocrity. It (the sheep soul) tends to uniformize our thought and feeling to the extent that, while we are industrious and proficient in money making and in our special callings, in general matters of intellect and will we are far behind the stage in which we were left by Bismarck. The real enemies of the Fatherland are those who preach order for order's sake, work for work's sake, and the state as a purpose in itself."

Regimentation makes a regiment, but not men, and in the end the regiment shrinks with the shrinking of its units. Here is the Nemesis that pursues collectivism and over-coördination and subordination.

Don't Let Him Crawl

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: It has been my intention for some days to protest the changing of "Hard Boiled" Smith's sentence from three years to eighteen months, and now it begins to appear as though he might even get off with less, in view of the latest developments.

To one who has been through the thick of the fighting and seen comrades mangled and killed in the heavy fighting of the Hindenburg line it is too much to expect silence on the subject of such "back-area" would-be hard-boiled bad men. Every veteran ought to rise up in protest against leniency for this example. He states that his orders compelled him to do as he did. Don't let him put that over. Any soldier will tell you what to do regarding commands given contrary to the articles of war. In the recent issues of the papers we have seen for what really minor offences against these articles the men have received five and ten year sentences. This man made a hell on earth for those in his power, doing things that an enlisted man would have been convicted for under numerous charges as provided by the articles of war.

Three years is ridiculous, to say nothing of eighteen months, as punishment for the crimes. Give him ten years to start, and then run him again for another ten on further charges. He says he is hard boiled. Give him a chance to keep in training. Why, he would be getting away with it at that. When we were out on rest we were told that for the slightest misdemeanor we would serve three straight months in a front-line trench, which was almost a death sentence. Smith is trying to crawl now. Hold him tight. He seems to be a slippery customer. When he tells about the others don't forget his crimes, but go after the rest of them the same way and show them what it means to practise Prussianism on free Americans.

This is the enlisted man's day. Let him take advantage of it. Men, come forward and press the charges you waited to get out of the army to air. Do not leave things so that a future war will find places like the Bastille, Paris. Give them justice. That is all that is needed. I certainly would not want to be in their boots if they get the real article. "A BUCK," 27th Division.

New York, July 30, 1919.

Where Is the Peace Bell?

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Can I find out through you what has become of a bell cast in 1893 for the World's Fair at Chicago?

This bell, for which metal in the shape of old fire irons, brass fenders, etc., was contributed by every state in the Union, was to be known as the "peace bell," and was to be rung whenever peace was proclaimed after any war in which the United States had taken part. Its permanent home was to be in Washington.

Inscribed on the bell were the words "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace good will toward men.

"A new commandment I give unto you that you love one another.

"Proclaim liberty throughout the land unto all the inhabitants thereof.

"A. D. 1893."

Where is this bell now, and should it not be rung when the peace treaty is finally signed? A. C.

Geneva, N. Y., July 31, 1919.

To F. P. A. On His Vacation

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: The Conning Tower has given me and many other readers much pleasure and I wish F. P. A. a most wonderful month.

EVA M. RICH.

East Orange, N. J., July 30, 1919.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: I save two cents every morning by not buying The Tribune while F. P. A. is away, but I realize there is such a thing as pushing economy into deprivation, and I'd be pleased to learn the exact date of his return so that I may not miss him. It isn't that I don't consider the rest of the sheet worth the tuppence, but this H. C. of L. business makes even Briggs seem an extravagance. A FAITHFUL FAN.

New York, July 29, 1919.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Since recovering from an attack of the "flu" last summer I find that the unusual heat of the present summer affects me more than usual, making me one of those irritable husbands that are found (so I have heard) in the best regulated families. In addition to the extreme heat I find that the ancient curse of St. Swithin has played havoc with my grand and glorious nerves, also that apartment hunting has irreparably injured both my temper and my neolin. Consequently when I discovered that Briggs had been removed from the back page and buried somewhere in the depths of New York's best newspaper I feared that indigestion would lie in wait for me on the very breakfast table while I was trying to eat my cereal with one hand and find Briggs's cartoon with the other. I also feared that melancholia would attack me, as F. P. A. had gone on his vacation, leaving little in the paper to amuse me except the account of the fearfully and wonderfully made apex of the anatomy of Ford the Peacemaker and the account of the attempts of the high and mighty ruler of the universe to pull the leg of nations without injuring his Shantung suit.

But Allah be praised! With Briggs's tale of a tub cropping out every few days and the addition of that inimitable letter from one Brownell, who surely woke up and found himself famous to the nth power, I find, much to my surprise, that my irritability is no longer increased by the heat or even by the H. C. of L., and that I have entirely forgotten there ever was such a person as Swithin, the late lamented Bishop of Winchester. Take it from me, your editorial page is a wonder. I can't eat a mouthful of breakfast till I have read every one of the tale of a tub letters. Consequently, my digestion is simply marvellous—absolutely, as the denizens of this "garbage can town" would say. Keep up the good work. Let F. P. A. keep on vacashing indefinitely and let Briggs splash around in the tub to his heart's content. As I usually forget even the towel when I wander down my long hall to the bathroom, tubward bound, I shall expect some fine morning to see Brownell himself come bursting in the front door and hear him say "Oh, gracious goodness!" when he spies me sans anything on.

As for the river that is as broad as it is long, why not nominate T. R.'s River of Doubt? And as for the giraffe that can't swim, I am sure that if he fell into the aforementioned River of Doubt and found the water rising to the topmost heights of his prohibition neck, he would be so scar't to death that his head would swim, so why worry?

Yours for F. P. A.'s vacation.

RICHARDSON WHITE.

New York, July 31, 1919.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: I am very glad F. P. A. has gone on his vacation. I hope he will never get back. I sent him the funniest skit and he paid no sort of attention to it. I laughed myself sick over it.

I am glad Briggs is in the inside page. Please keep him there. When he was on the last page I never could get my Tribune from my grandchildren. Now I have it for myself. SWANIE.

New York, July 31, 1919.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: I don't know, after all, but F. P. A.'s "colyum" has been almost equally interesting in his absence—though not, of course, as amusing.

I quite agree with Mrs. Foote. Briggs has given me many a good laugh—in contrast to our friend Mr. Brownell. Do you think he was really serious?

I found the bath-tub cartoon screamingly funny. I do wish, though, he might be put back on the last page—Briggs, I mean, not Brownell.

A LIFELONG READER OF THE TRIBUNE.

New York, Aug. 1, 1919.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Allow me to add my name to the ever-increasing list of F. P. A. and Briggs supporters. I have read The Tribune most of the time for two years. I was first interested in it by overhearing a conversation concerning the Conning Tower, and when I bought it and read the rest of the paper I became immediately an "inveterate subscriber." Long may he, you and it wave!

P. W. INGRAHAM.

Washington, D. C., Aug. 1, 1919.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Thanks to Mr. Brownell, here is a splendid opportunity to write a few words about F. P. A. behind his back.

We all owe him a debt of gratitude, not only for his genial humor and critical acumen, but also for spreading the gospel of good taste. In these days when "comic-strip" English is influencing the growing and grown generation, it is a relief to find a writer like F. P. A. who believes in the use of decent language, correct verse-forms and other unfashionable literary minutiæ. Vive F. P. A.! P. W.

New York, Aug. 1, 1919.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Eliminate F. P. A. from the editorial page of The Tribune? I should say not!

I read the Conning Tower religiously each morning on my way to work. It's my mental grapefruit, which aids me to read, absorb and digest the weighty editorials on the same page, and, no matter how serious the grouch from which I may be suffering, before I reach the foot of the "Colyum" I am cured.

Long live F. P. A. and the Conning Tower!

New York, July 31, 1919. L. B. A.

The Southerner's View

From an Article in The Wilmington (N. C.) Dispatch

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: As an interested reader of your paper I am submitting herewith an article by Frank Carter, of North Carolina, bearing upon the racial question. "The New York World" recently had an editorial, approved both by your paper and by "The New York Sun." Carter's article discusses the other side of the viewpoint taken by your paper and the others mentioned. In fairness I ask that you give space to the article, which is based on discussion of "The World" editorial.

For your information I would say that Frank Carter is ex-judge of the Superior Court of North Carolina. He resigned from his position on the bench in order to engage in newspaper work, being editor and proprietor now of "The Albemarle (N. C.) Enterprise." During his incumbency as judge Carter made probably as fine a record as any man who ever held a similar position in the South. He was noted for his fairness on the bench, as well as for his ability and knowledge of the law. No one is more capable than he of giving an analysis of the negro question, in so far as the relationship of the white man and the black man is concerned, in the South. A negro always got full justice in his court, no matter what the charge might be.

LOUIS T. MOORE,

Wilmington, N. J., July 29, 1919.

By Frank Carter

WASHINGTON, July 28.—On July 25 I ransacked Washington for a copy of "The New York World" of July 23, but found none, except finally in the file of the Library of Congress.

The news man at the Union Station told me that the demands of the negro population had quickly exhausted the supply, one negro having ordered a hundred extra copies. A negro preacher had told him he was going to use it as the text of his Sunday morning sermon and wanted to know about the chance of supplying the resulting demand of his congregation.

It may interest the readers of this paper to learn the reason for the rush of the colored laity and clergy for this particular edition of "The World." It was all on account of a certain editorial dealing with the race conflict in Washington, the high lights of which shine in the following extracts.

Referring to conditions in the South, it declares that "to accuse a black man is to condemn him to torture and death, and resentment on the part of kindred is held to justify massacres that are complacently dignified as race wars.

Race Wars

"Deplorable as all this lawlessness (in Washington) is, the response of the black man to the white man was bound to come some time. . . . Negroes are taking part in the hostilities. If they are assaulted or shot they are assaulting and shooting in return. . . .

"Who is foolish enough to assume that with 239,000 colored men in the uniform from the Southern states alone, as against 370,000 white men, the blacks whose manhood and patriotism were thus recognized and tested are forever to be flogged, lynched, burned at the stake or chased into concealment whenever Caucasian desperadoes are moved to engage in these infamous pastimes?

"We grieve over the hardships of many subject peoples a long way off and on occasion manifest something like indignation, but in all the world there is hardly a population as God-forsaken and law-forsaken as our own blacks. Whether it is agreeable or not, therefore, the Washington outbreak is a warning to all Americans that their race wars hereafter are going to be race wars."

From first to last there runs through the article a note of intense exultation over the fact that the negroes had come off victors in the battle of Washington—that they had inflicted three or four times as many casualties as they had suffered.

In order that we may the better comprehend the significance of "The World" article let us get the setting of this battle, which, though its casualties were not large, this writer recognizes as marking th beginnings of a new era in the relationships of the white and colored races in the United States.

Lincoln's proclamation of emancipation was fully effective in Washington from the date of its promulgation, and it is known of all men that from that day, now more than fifty-six years gone, to the present outbreak the large and ever-increasing negro population of the District of Columbia has enjoyed a full equality of civil rights with the white race—not theoretical only but in literal fact. There has been no pretence of race segregation; absolute equality of right and privilege has been frankly recognized and rigorously enforced. For exactly three-fourths of the fifty-six-year period the Republican party, the political guardian and tutor of the colored race, has been in executive control of the government, and there has been no allegation that the civil rights of Washington negroes suffered under Cleveland or Wilson. It has been customary to speak of Washington as the "Negro Heaven" and as the place where "a white man is as good as a negro if he behaves himself."

The Negro Crimes

Since about the middle of June Washington has suffered more from negro criminality than any other American community ever suffered in the same length of time. There have been at least a dozen rapes and attempted rapes, some of them accompanied with unbelievable brutality, and the three-day battle itself did not suffice to check these outrages. We read in the same paper of the bloody murder of police officers and unarmed citizens and of still more cruel wrong to a white woman, all at the hands of negro aggressors on the same day. Nor was rape the only crime. Hold-ups by negro robbers operating by twos and threes were matters of almost nightly occurrence, and two or more murders were committed by these bands, one of which was participated in by four negroes. The police could do nothing—five or six weeks of such crime have yielded only a single arrest that looks at all hopeful from the police point of view—and one of the favorite theories officially advanced in extenuation of police impotency was organized negro crime and organized protection. At last there was a comparatively mild outbreak of mob violence against negroes indiscriminately, and straightway the negro mob rose and heavily armed bands of negroes seized automobiles and ripped and snorted and shot and killed through the streets of Washington, while the raping and the robbing went merrily on—and the soul of "The New York World" is filled with a delight that is nowise marred by any thought of pity for white women outraged and beaten into insensibility by negro brutes, of peaceful merchants robbed and killed in their places of business, of a whole city terrorized by roving bands of armed negro criminals.

And the negro preachers will preach "The World" editorial, the negro press will broadcast it, professional negroism will proclaim it as the gospel of a new racial order and negro minds of criminal bent—here, there and everywhere—will be inflamed to rob and rape and murder.

Monstrously False

It is not to be denied that negroes have suffered much of cruel and wrong in the South—nobody but a fool would ever have supposed that the new adjustments could be completely effected without such, that millions of Africans could be translated from a condition of slavery to full civil equality with the dominant race without friction hurtful to both sides—but when "The World" says that "in all the world there is hardly a population so God-forsaken and law-forsaken as our own blacks" it states what is monstrously false and what it has no plausible grounds for believing to be true; it gives currency to a lie which, in association with other evil implications of the article in question, is pregnant of illimitable mischief.

As a rule the negroes of the South are prosperous, contented and sincerely attached to their white neighbors—not one in a hundred has ever had the thought of being wronged.

To poison these relationships, to arm negro agitations in and out of the pulpit with propaganda of hate and strife, to incite negroes to appeal to arms for the redress of their wrongs, real or fancied—all of which this "World" editorial does—is to incur moral responsibility for rape and riot and bloodshed world without end.

Hard Cider Again

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: The Tribune of July 26, under the caption "Hard Cider Jags," contains a letter signed "Whidden Graham," from which I quote as follows:

"The statement in this morning's Tribune that, under the Eighteenth Amendment enforcement bill, the manufacture and use of cider with an alcoholic content of, possibly, 10 per cent is permitted, illustrates the arrant hypocrisy of the prohibition advocates."

In the foregoing statement Mr. Graham has demonstrated either his dense ignorance or wilful prevarication, as is made very clear by the definition as to what constitutes intoxicating liquor in the enforcement bill for the Eighteenth Amendment as adopted by the House of Representatives, as follows:

"That the word 'liquor' or the phrase 'intoxicating liquor' used in the act shall be construed to include alcohol, brandy, whiskey, rum, gin, beer, ale, porter and wine, and in addition thereto any spirituous or vinous malt or fermented liquor, liquids and compounds, whether medicated, proprietary, patented or not, and by whatever name called, containing ½ of 1 per cent or more of alcohol by volume, which are potable or capable of being used as a beverage."

It will be very difficult for even a liquor publicity writer, which is Mr. Graham's profession, to demonstrate that hard cider is not included in the foregoing list as a fermented liquor containing ½ of 1 per cent, or more, of alcohol.

SAMUEL WILSON,

Assistant Superintendent Anti-Saloon League of New Jersey.

Newark, N. J., Aug. 1, 1919.

Race Riots

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: The splendid explanation of "race riots" in the article in to-day's paper, "The Chicago Negro," by Mr. W. N. Huggins, is just what many of your readers, like myself, have been wishing for, and I want to thank you as well as the author of it.

I have been told that negroes do not object to segregation. All they ask is what every human being should have—a decent, sanitary home, with room to breathe, and to be treated by employers and others according to the Golden Rule.

I ardently hope it will not be long before we shall hear of men and women who have money and kind hearts taking up the housing problem and removing one of the chief causes of race riots. ONE OF YOUR READERS.

Brooklyn, July 31, 1919.

The Idealist

(From The Los Angeles Daily Times)

Among other philanthropic ideas Henry Ford was about to have the Bible rewritten into what he calls plain, understandable English. But people would be justifiably suspicious of a Ford edition of the Scriptures. They would be afraid of reading of the Israelites crossing the Red Sea in a flock of tin runabouts made in Detroit. It would be better if Henry contented himself by following the example of the Gideonites. Let him make a little wall pocket in each of his cars and slip in a regular Bible. Every now and then a man who drives a Ford feels the need of one. The Detroit manufacturer may have had benevolent plans, but the longer he remained on the witness stand the greater was the wonder how he even found courage to vote for himself for Senator.

Books

By Heywood Broun

JAMES MELVIN LEE, the author of "Opportunities in the Newspaper Business" (Harper's), is the director of the department of journalism in New York University, and is sufficiently far away, therefore, to treasure romantic ideas about newspaper humorous columns.

"The newspaper man who is an optimist," he writes, "and continually sees not only the brighter but the lighter side of life, finds employment as a conductor of a column of humor."

It is our impression that all the persistent optimists in the newspaper business become circulation managers.

Still, there are other opportunities for optimists in journalism. We went to Empire City the other day armed with a newspaper clipping headed "Six Best Bets." The gentleman who made the selections was an optimist.

Other optimists write the columns on the financial pages called "Suggestions to Investors."

We did not intend to give the impression in a recent review of "The Moon and Sixpence" that Somerset Maugham was making his first appearance as a novelist. We are aware that his previous book, "Of Human Bondage," was a fine achievement. We left it out of the discussion merely because we hated to confess that we had not read it.

In response to a recent letter from a reader in California we ask for lists of fifty books to start a library. Several interesting selections have come in, but we find all received up to date insufficient, from our point of view, because none of them includes Max Beerbohm's "Zuleika Dobson." We recommend this book heartily to any readers who find the literature of the season deficient in wit. It seems to us very nearly the most amusing book ever written. "Zuleika Dobson" is available in the modern Library Series published by Boni-Liveright.

Of the summer crop of adventure novels the two which we like best are "The Ivory Trail" of Talbot Mundy (Bobbs-Merrill) and Dane Coolidge's "Silver and Gold" (Dutton). Mundy's book is something more than a recital of thrilling incidents, since it gives a graphic and convincing account of conditions in Africa and more particularly in German East Africa. "Silver and Gold" is just happenings, but it gallops most of the way.

The Eighteenth Amendment should have contained a clause to prohibit books about alcohol as soon as rum went out. Nothing inspires the same wild thirst in most people as a prohibition book. "The Sober World" by Randolph Wellford Smith (Marshall Jones) is a disturbing volume. The chapters entitled "Drinking at National Capital" and "Revelry and Corruption" are trying reading. Who among us can remain unmoved when an author flaunts in his face, "seas of champagne, lakes of sparkling Moselles and rivers of wines"? We realized throughout the first hundred pages of the book that Mr. Smith was very much excited about something, but it came as a distinct shock to realize that all this mighty fury was directed at 2.75 beer. It seemed inappropriate, and we felt a little as if we were watching a large man club a cream puff. However, Mr. Smith conceives 2.75 beer as a formidable antagonist, for he refers to it as "the direst poison ever poured into the human system." He also seems to find some connection between beer and Bolshevism, the Sinn Fein movement, the opposition to the league of nations and German atrocities.

"Every American," writes Mr. Smith, "who has a spark of intelligence or is imbued with the least spirit of loyalty to his land and his flag, must know that every move that has been made in behalf of liquor for the past few years, certainly since the early wholesale Belgian infamy and atrocities and the 'Lusitania incident,' as the insolent Teutons are pleased to term it, has been a move distinctly in behalf of German barbarity as against the war waged by the Entente for a return to the rudimentary laws of civilization and humanity."

Mr. Smith suggests that the brewers in this country should turn their plants into dairies. We doubt whether that would do any good. We're afraid that milk cows in steins would still taste like milk.

Go to Kansas!

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: I have seen the country grow within the fifteen years I have been looking at it from my rural route in Kansas. There are few farms out here as small as forty acres. I should reckon, as a conservative estimate, the average farm at 160 acres. There are numerous 80-acre tracts, as well as a good many 320 and not a few 640 acre tracts. An 80 out here is generally known as only an 80, 160 acres as a quarter, 320 acres as one-half section and 640 a section, which embraces one square mile.

There are now ninety-six houses with commodious surroundings on my rural route of twenty-eight miles. I have observed that within the last fifteen years there have been twenty-one additions, each new house and surroundings bringing in a new 80 or 160 acre tract. I have also taken into consideration the number of available places on my rural route that in the future on the same basis can be brought into separate and individual use, and there are only twenty left. At this ratio three-fourths of Kansas, from the west centre east, will use up every available 80 and 160 within the coming twelve years.

Can a man living in the city come out West here and do successful farming? I think he can. I have seen people come from Chicago down here and do comparatively as well as any of the rest of the farmers. The first year or two they were a little wild, but really from the time they started they have prospered and done well. I should think New York City can do anything Chicago can. Even a lady from London, England, resides on a Kansas farm and enjoys the rural life.

In this day and age of the world any good mechanic in any city can with a little care and study make farming go. Motor power has so far supplanted horsepower, especially on large farms, that it makes this an essential. H. C. HALL.

Udall, Kan., July 30.